

And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content;

Isab. So you must be first that gives this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To vse it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said;

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
For euery pelting petty Officer
Would vse his heauen for thunder;

Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen;
Thou rather with thy sharpe and fulphurous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Merrill: But man, proud man,
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glasseie Essence) like an angry Ape,
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
Would all themselves laugh mortall.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue it.

Pro. Pray heauen she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may iest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.

Luc. Thou'rt it right (Girle) more o'that.

Isab. That in the Captaine's but a chollerick word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.

Luc. Art auis'd o'that? more o't.

Ang. Why doe you put these sayings vpon me?

Isab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought vpon your tongue
Against my brothers life.

Ang. Shee speakes, and 'tis such fence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.

Isa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn backe.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isa. I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.

Luc. You had mar'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne rise: prayers from preserued foules,
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heauen keepe your honour safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crosse.

Isab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time fore-noone.

Isab. Saue your Honour.

Ang. From thee: euen from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightnesse? hauing waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Iudges steale themselves: what, doe I loue her,
That I desire to heare her speake againe?
And feast vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints dost bait thy hook: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on
To sinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I smile, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouost.

Duke. Haile to you, *Prouost*, so I thinke you are.

Pro. I am the *Prouost*: what's your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Pro. I would doe more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Isabella.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her owne youth,
Hath blisfurd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.

Duke. When must he dye?

Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.

I haue provided for you, stay a while

And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

Isa. I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.

Duke. Ile teach you how you shal araign your conscience

And try your penitence, if it be sound,

Or hollowly put on.

Isa. Ile gladly learne.

Duke. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?

Isa. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seemes your most offence full act

Was mutually committed.

Isa. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heauier kinde then his.

Isa. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Duke. 'Tis

Duke. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame, yd and
Which forrow is alwaies toward our selues, not heauen,
Showing we would not spare heauen, as we loue it, do
But as we stand in feare, of a mid of men, I am not
Isa. I doe repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the shame with ioy.

Duke. There rest: I am not a man that will blow out
Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow, *Isa.*
And I am going with instruction to him: *Isa.*
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite.* *Isa.* I am not a man that will blow out
Isa. Must die to morrow? oh iniurious *Loue*,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort is a woe
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pittie of him, *Isa.* I am not a man that will blow out
Isa. I am not a man that will blow out
Isa. I am not a man that will blow out

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To seuerall subiects: heauen hath my empty words,
Whilst my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling euill
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiser foules
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good *Angell* on the Deuills home
'Tis not the Deuills Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. One *Isabell*, a Sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauens

Why doe's my blood thus murther to my heart,

Making both it vnable for it selfe,

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitnessse?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,

Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre

By which hee should reuiue: and euen so

The generall subiect to a wel-wisht King

Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse

Crowd to his preference, where their va-taught loue

Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid,

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

An. That you might know it, wold much better please

Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.

Isab. Euen so: heauen keepe your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he liue a while: and it may be

As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieue

(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted

That his soule sicken not.

Ang. Ha? sic, these filthy vices: It were as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcie sweetnes, that do coyne heauens Image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained meanes
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set downe so in heauen, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most iust Law

Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him

Giue vp your body to such sweet vncleannesse

As she that he hath staine?

Isab. Sir, beleue this.

I had rather giue my body, then my soule.

Ang. I talke not of your foule: our compell'd sins

Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speake

Against the thing I say: Answer to this,

I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)

Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,

Might there not be a charitie in sinne,

To saue this Brothers life?

Isab. Please you to doo't,

Ile take it as a perill to my soule,

It is no sinne at all, but charitie.

Ang. Pleas'd you to doo't, at perill of your foule,

Were equall poize of sinne, and charitie.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sinne

Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my suit,

If that be sin, Ile make it my Morne-prayer,

To haue it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but heare me,

Your fence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,

Or seeme so crafty; and that's not good.

Isab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,

But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appeare most bright,

When it doth taxe it selfe: As these blacke Masques

Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder

Then beauty could displaied: But marke me,

To be receiued plaine, Ile speake more grosse:

Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,

Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to saue his life

(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,

But in the losse of question) that you, his Sister,

Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person,

Whose credit with the Iudge, or owne great place,

Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles

Of the all-building-Law: and that there were

No earthly meane to saue him, but that either

You must lay downe the treasures of your body,

To this supposed, or else to let him suffer:

What would you doe?

Isab. As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe;

That is: were I vnder the tearmes of death,

Th'impression of keene whips, I'd weare as Rubies,

And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed,

That longing haue bin sicke for, ere I'd yeeld

My body vp to shame.

Ang. That